

The Times-Dispatch

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THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1913.

WORTHY OF VIRGINIA.

This splendid conception of a Homecoming of Virginians from all the world that has burst upon us like the bewitching inspiration of genius is so full of great possibilities that the chief thing is to consider how we can live up to them. There is no dried-up soul in the whole State who is not thrilled by the chance to do a wonderful thing in a wonderful and beautiful way. The fiery enthusiasm that has greeted the bare suggestion shows what may be achieved. The Times-Dispatch welcomes the ideal, and will labor for its realization. Such a gathering will mean much as a call to the sons of Virginia, and as a call to the world to look upon what the South has done in half a century. It will link our past glorious traditions with our present success and our future opportunities. It will make us conscious of our own strength.

Inspired by these sentiments, we believe no one will call us pessimists when we say now that such an enterprise as is contemplated must be worthy of Virginia, and that to make it worthy will require labor, devotion, money and usefulness. The recovery of the South is an epoch in national history. The celebration of that recovery must be of national scope and dignity. Virginia wants her past record amply lived up to in this new ceremony of State pride. She wants no petty, commercial, advertising, small-voiced occasion. The ideals this time is to commemorate are too large and noble to have aught but a fitting symbol.

Therefore, let us go soberly to work to consider ways and means. For one thing, let us remember that the Pacific Coast will hold two vast expositions during the year 1915. These will draw people from all over the West and many from the East. In the Mississippi Valley many families have been saving up for two or three years to make the grand tour of the Pacific Coast in 1915. Doubtless many Virginians of the thousands in Kentucky, Missouri, Texas and elsewhere intend to make this trip. Will they also come East? Will the sons come back from the far country?

This question settled, it behooves us to consider what we can show the returned expatriates. We must make them proud to claim Virginian birth or ancestry by what we have done in Virginia. The past glories will not be enough. We must show our own fruits. For instance, we ought to be able to send visitors to a public library in Richmond, and to entertain them in a city auditorium. Will we be able?

This celebration is rich in potential success. It depends on Virginians to make this success real.

GET READY FOR SUMMER.

The first real gust of summer heat has stirred Richmond into fretful temper. Folks on the streets and at work are not as happy and polite as they were last week. The long, steady strain of four hot months has begun, and already people are asking: What will we do when it gets good and warm? The answer is simple and comprehensive: Take care of body and spirit, and let the weather take care of itself. You can't change it.

Now is the time to get ready for the summer before the tension has worn out the strength and gotten life all catatonic. Some show of common sense and self-control now will start a man right, and add to his happiness. There is a summer philosophy. With that and the right sort of diet, the heated term here in Richmond should be one long, easy vacation. Doesn't that sound well? That's summer philosophy. The slogan for a rising thermometer ought to change the slang phrase into: "I should not worry." The less thought and said about the weather from now on, the better for all parties. That is the reason we are delivering this wisdom before it sounds too serious and calls attention to what we want to forget.

As a fact, man is adjusted pretty well to the seasons if he lets nature have her way. His blood and his nerves change as the sun moves North. The food he craves and eats helps to temper his system to stand the torrid days. There is no reason why he should not enjoy summer as thoroughly as winter, but he must remember that the enjoyment is of a different kind. For one thing ambition ought to be put in moth-balls until fall. Creative work is for winter. Man should reverse the vegetable world, and take his dormant spell in summer as trees and flowers do in winter. There are nine months during which the machinery can be raced at top speed. There are three when it is dangerous to do more than keep things going.

This mental attitude of quiet receptivity, of passive acquiescence with the food of life is the first lesson. The right care of the body and mind is the next. From babies to octogenarians there is need for a careful diet. The terrible germ thrives wonderfully at 50 degrees. Even now there are random smells of warning. Clean-up ought to help, yet the individual can take no chances. Milk, fish, vegetables, the liquids one drinks, the meats, everything must be clean, and taken temperately. Fresh air, lots of sleep, enormous amounts of bathing, sensible clothing, and regular hours do more than week-end trips on crowded excursions. Common-sense recognition of such realities will reduce the nerve strain.

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Lastly, there is a need for amusement. It is a good time for reading. It is a good time for dreaming and wondering at the mystery of life. It is a good time for pleasant talk, and a keen sense of humor. Flowers, beauty, small adventures into the woods, and friendly parties of the early-to-bed kind, are in keeping. The whole need is for freedom from strain. Give your energy to being happy. Forget the small tangles and fiddle bickering. Let pride take a vacation, and you will do well without one. Be busy as a human being, interested in the drama of living, and full of faith in ultimate good, and there will be no summer of discontent.

REFERENDUM ON REFERENDUM AD INFINITUM.

In the pursuit of that ideal of justice that is ever cherished by Americans, we propose that the Plans Committee of the City Democratic Committee report to the main group, not a referendum on annexation, but a referendum on the referendum on annexation. The City Committee seems to be in a bad fix. It has put its collective tongue against a bit of cold steel, and now when it wants to let go to explain with the tongue, it is glued fast. A tongue-tied City Committee without a plan, nay, without even a quorum, is too unpleasant for tender-hearted people to contemplate. We offer this plan as a solution:

Let the Plans Committee report that there is considerable difference of opinion as to the wisdom or necessity or possibility of having a referendum on annexation. Therefore, be it resolved, that on primary ballots be printed the words "For" or "Against" the proposition of putting "For" or "Against" Big, Little, Middling Big, or Middling Little Annexation. On this result can be based the future action or inaction of the planless Plans Committee. We think the committee ought to be grateful for this suggestion.

Meanwhile, will the Council Committee on Annexation get down to brass tacks and give us the best it can in the way of a concrete proposition for enlarging Richmond to meet the plain needs of growth?

ONE REASON FOR PEACE.

There is as yet no crisis in the Japanese matter. In the general ignorance of exactly what Japan wants the best we can do is to wait and trust sincerely that by peaceful negotiations and careful diplomatic representations, the two nations may be able to straighten out the snarl. About all that is clear is that Japan's feelings are hurt, and that some of her people are talking wildly. For that matter some of our people are talking wildly, too. Yet, if the general calm indifference and disinclination to enter into anything like war witnessed on this side of the Pacific is a hint, we imagine the bulk of the Japanese are going about their business, and hoping that nothing will interfere with their comfort.

If there were lacking other reasons why the United States should cling to diplomacy and forego the clash of arms, the present pension bill ought to answer. If we can avoid a war for a few decades longer, it may be that tremendous item in the national budget will begin to shrink. It ought to have begun the dwindling process long since, but instead it has grown and grown, like Jack's bean stalk. The penalty of some \$150,000,000 a year for past wars is enough to make future peacekeepers of this sort rather portentous. Japan is said to be chary of new aggressions because of the rickety finances of the kingdom. Our pocketbook is not thin enough to worry us, but the cost of war plus the sequel of pensions does not charm thinking people.

We might better buy a piece of Manchuria, or some other remote section, and present it to Japan as bait for some sentiment that engage in the billionnaire pastime of war. The next generation would be grateful, surely. We suppose pensions cannot go on forever. It would seem that some day this enormous amount can be put to useful work. We might fix up the flood section of the Middle West, or build that jetty into the Atlantic Ocean to divert the Gulf Stream and make New England semi-tropical. Even using the possible expenditure to hire hoboes to pound sand in all the rat holes in the country would be better than using it for pensions. We would save all the waste of men. Let's stay peaceable long enough to have the bliss of seeing that pension thermometer start to fall instead of letting the hot-bombs send it up skyward for fifty more years.

OUR FIRST HOME-COMING POEM.

The Times-Dispatch poets are nothing if not timely. Here breaks a splendid new idea of home-coming to Virginia in 1915, and on this page we print a fine satirical pastoral on the virtues of one of our great counties, King George. The sentiments here expressed in pointed couplets of mingled humor and affection strike the keynote of that love for Virginia that dwells forever in the hearts of her sons. The Old Dominion does put a "subtle something" in the blood that stays there until death, tugging gently to bring the wanderer back to the Honeyuckle State. For many a man, the days he has spent away from Virginia are in solemn truth "just the marshes in the lowlands of the heart."

We print this admirable rime picture as a challenge to the capacious folk who have rallied at the gentle

verse sometimes printed in this paper for the sake of the heart. It may not please the author, but we can compare this pastoral with many bits by Lowell and Whittier. It has the gentle touch and authenticity of "Snow-Bound," even if lacking the finish and beauty. It has also vital phrasing and luminous figures of speech. It has the clear vision of a true poetical observer, tempered with the charity of understanding that sees how much more important are the lasting virtues of kindness and joy than the superficial foibles and weaknesses of men.

We want to tempt many readers into a close and delighted perusal of this poem. Some may smile with mellow memory at that picture of how "the festive June-bug struggles with his hind-leg in the string" or share with the author his opinion that "And I think the sweets of living kinder gather in a lump When the watermelon answers full assurance to the thump."

We do not think, though, that the home-comers will find the old land "a frost-bit sad Acadia and an Eden gone to seed." The flowers are just as fragrant, and the sunshine just as bright and the women just as lovely as in the past. Best of all "the glad-to-see-you kind of hospitality prevails still in this restful land," and this charming picture is an invitation to enjoy the new Virginia.

THE CITY AND RICHMOND COLLEGE.

What will the new Richmond College do for this community? This is a pertinent question, suggested by the beautiful buildings and imposing grounds wherein the physical fabric of a splendid institution is now being realized at Westhampton. Richmond has already just cause for pride in this addition to its panorama. It is also grateful for the past service rendered the intellectual life of the people. Yet if the new buildings mean anything, they must mean a larger service and a more vital influence upon all the higher activities of the city. We can reasonably expect much of Richmond College in its enlarged opportunities.

The chance for intellectual and esthetic leadership waits to be seized. Now there is no central living organism from which we can expect light, sweetness or culture. The need for such nobler facts of civilization has been driven home in many ways. In many fields Richmond must frankly confess ignorance. Richmond College, through its faculty, through its graduates, and through its invisible spiritual life, can mould a finer city and erect ideals of citizenship for the coming generations.

Many city colleges suffer the dry rot of the home thing. They fail to invest themselves with the spirit of learning and of the love for truth. They become the rather mechanical capstones of the lower schools, made from below instead of creating from above. They aim at training boys and girls for immediate ends, rather than for the glories of a full and spacious life. Because they exist in a city where hundreds of other interests pull the student away from the gifts of his alma mater, they do not arouse "college spirit," which in the end is much more than enthusiasm over athletic victories or class fights. Richmond College will have to combat this lethargy by a vigorous participation in the full flood of city life. This will help the college by making real the standards of learning and enlightenment. It will help the city by making real the standards of learning and enlightenment.

The college must be more than a mere place of books and examinations leading to degrees. It should lift art, literature and the drama to a worthy place. It should teach men politics in the best and ancient sense of the government of cities. It should train workers for social service. It should spread its own riches through the teachers, journalists and lawyers it sends out. It should regard Richmond and the life of Richmond's people as its charge.

Best of all, it will offer a place where women can receive the help of higher education. There will no longer be any excuse for having a girl stop learning after the high school. At small cost here she should be able to realize the fullest reach of her own possibilities. This duty alone, wisely done, will make Richmond College very dear to many. We trust that this new altar of truth may light many dark spots and inspire our youth to great achievement.

This is the address of the Administrative Board: The Superintendent of the Spokane City Crematory has discovered that the ashes from the crematory, formerly regarded as a waste product, make a valuable fertilizer. Residents of the city who want to build up lawns and gardens, and farmers in the vicinity, are buying large quantities of the ash, in 100-pound sacks or by the ton. The ash contains 18 per cent air-slaked lime and 7 per cent phosphoric acid. Richmond has a crematory from which the ash might be sold, too.

Now that women are to be denied the murderous hatpin, what is to be done with the homicidal umbrella?

The Finance Committee has wisely refused to make a Midway of blazing and costly ornamental lights out of staid and businesslike Main Street. There may be a need for more light in some spots, but certainly there is no valid reason for the expense of rows of fancy posts and cluster lights. Common sense here, will perhaps give us a little money to put up some needed lights in the outlying sections where now darkness reigns profound.

The need for a new High School is one of the best signs of a growing city.

Sure as fate, a lot of those home-coming folks will want to take Virginia girls back with them.

Apparently the only music in the parks this summer will be the twitter of the birds and the lovers.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

The Good Old Times.

Sex Lemuel Hicks, sez he to me. The times ain't like what they used to be. When a feller could go with a ten-cent piece And get enough bacon for to grease The pancake griddle all nice and neat And then to have a good chunk left to eat.

Then butter was 15 cents a pound, And we always had enough to go 'round.

A feller could go with a dollar bill And a whole blamed grocery order fill.

But nowadays for a five banknote A feller can't get more'n he kin tote Right home in the pocket of his overcoat.

Beats all how far a feller could go On a dollar back forty years or so. But prices are kittin' so gol dum high We'll all eat hay like a hoss bime by.

Them good old days we will see no more When a man with a dollar could buy out a store, But there's one thing that we must allow, There want so many dollars as there are right now.

Mr. Blinks and the Doghouse.

Mr. Blinks is the sort of a man who likes to have somebody working for him, and so when he got the carpenter to come to build a doghouse for Queenie, he was perfectly happy.

It was first necessary to find the proper location in the back yard for the doghouse, a place where it would not be too sunny and not too shady. Mr. Blinks and the carpenter spent one day picking out the site. Then they drew the plans. It was not to be anything fancy, for Queenie was only a \$3 dog in her palmy days and her palmy day had long since passed. Queenie didn't want a doghouse any more than she wanted another tail. A doghouse was miles beyond her station in life, but Mr. Blinks wanted it, and Mr. Blinks was the grand exalted ruler of that particular patch of ground. Mr. Blinks really didn't want the doghouse as much as he wanted somebody, preferably a carpenter, putting around Mr. Blinks had kept Mrs. Blinks cleaning up after carpenters for thirty years.

The plans were finally drawn and the lumber was purchased. Mr. Blinks went to the lumber yard with the carpenter. The lumber cost \$9, the paint \$1 and the hardware \$1. The carpenter suggested that Mr. Blinks might make the job a little more expensive by calling in the steamfitters and having steam heat piped from the residence to the doghouse. Mr. Blinks could do this for \$87. Queenie was only a \$3 dog, but it was a good plan Mr. Blinks would think it over.

Mr. Blinks sat on the back steps five days watching the carpenter build the doghouse. In order to make it large enough they built it around Queenie. After it was all inclosed and painted he found that they had forgotten to make a door, and Queenie was inside. The doghouse had to be torn down and rebuilt.

It was decided after an afternoon's debate to hold Queenie down in front of the doghouse and then mark out the exact size of the door, and Queenie was inside. The doghouse had to be torn down and rebuilt.

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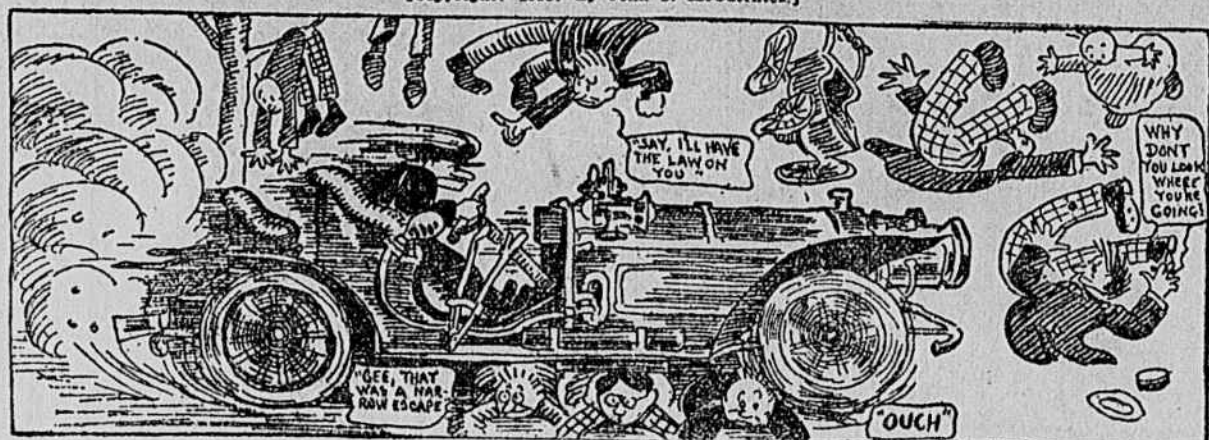
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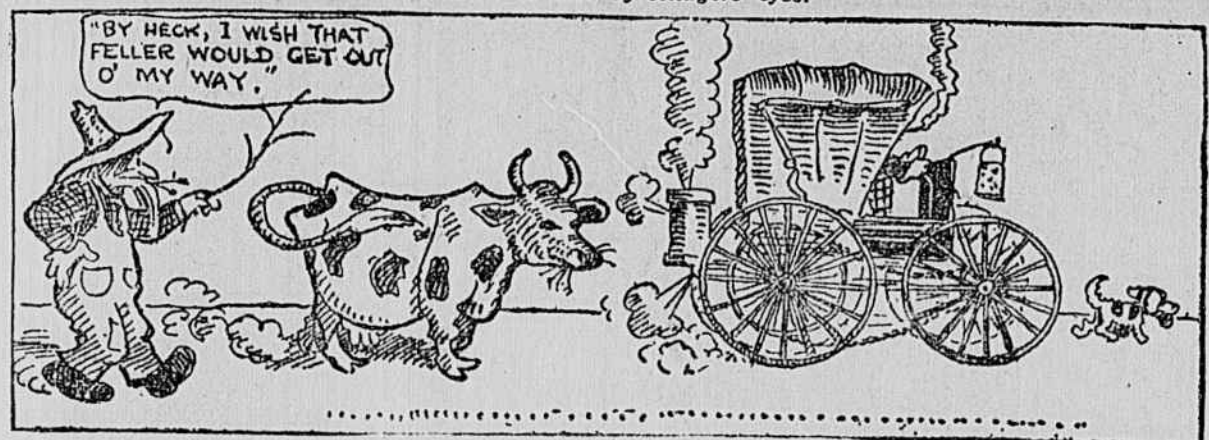
TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1913, By John T. McCutcheon.)



Autoist as seen by villagers' eyes.



Autoist as seen by automobile enthusiasts.



Officer as seen through villagers' eyes.

Officer as seen through auto goggles.

COMING BACK TO OLD VIRGINIA

I was born in Old King George, sir, far-famous for its mud. And for its subtle something that gets into the blood. Of every true King Georgian, and no matter how far you roam, I'll hold you by the heart-strings. While its gentle tuggings tell you that King George is still your home. I was born in Old King George, sir, and all life would seem amiss Were it not for the consoling, cheering If I never do another thing in all my years beside Being born there, I'll consider that sufficient ground for pride. I've been exiled from its happiness for many a long, long year, But the memory of its hundred charms is very near and dear, And the days I've spent away from it do hardly seem a part. Of my life at all, just marshes in the lowlands of my heart.

I feel I was but yesterday a happy child at play, Discovering some new joy in this Old King George each day. How I envy that same boy his delight in every spring. When the fruit trees are in blossom and the birds begin to sing; When Nature's heart seems bursting with the joy of everything. And the festive June-bug struggles with his hind-leg in the string; When the ripening black-heart cherry brings a pleasure all unfeigned, And his legs are full of briars and his fingers berry-stained. And I think the sweets of living kinder either in a lump. When the watermelon answers full assurance to the thump. Oh, tell me ye philosophers, is there in manhood's prime Any joy like a child's delight in watermelon time? No, the zest of those things leaves us, And the memory stays behind. And childhood gets the ripe inside and manhood gets the rind.

Oh! a year seemed such a long time when my years were very few; When the life paths were strange to me and all its sights were new; When from time for setting hare-gums in the later days of fall, Through the tedious months of school-time—such a hardship to us all—the longed-for, wished-for, watched-for, glorious Christmas set us free. In those days seemed much longer than a year does now to me. It was then, my dear old county, I began to know my worth. And to learn you have no equal in the confines of the earth; And your dearness grows upon me with the lengthening of my years. While your picture seems but brighter as the haze of morning clears.

Land where, in the winter-time, the people never tire Of dolce far niente and a-sitting by the fire, Or loafing round the grocery in a ruminating row. Just a-chewing of tobacco and a-letting of things go. Land where, in the summer-time, the just people seem made Of dolce far niente and a-sitting in the shade. And no one seems to hanker for a higher enterprise Than to roll up in a hammock and to keep away the flies. Land where sweat contentment broods o'er all the hills and dales, And the glad-to-see-you kind of hospitality prevails: A restful land, where people don't care how much time they spend in doing that which gives them the greatest pleasure in the end; Where in hunting of the fox they take the first part of the week. And the rest to tell how "Driver" lost the trail by "Muddy Creek." Following on in conversation every track that Reynard made, Showing every bawling double and deceiving trick he played.

Oh! it gives a zest to living just to be in such a land, And to feel the genuine pressure of

PUT THIS LABEL ON YOUR GOODS



true friendship on my hand. It gives me fresher confidence, renews my self-respect, And my heart is lifted higher and my head is more erect. And the clash of worldly striving tops its rumbling in my ears. With the sense of brooding quiet from your thousand quiet years, And I find myself a-wondering if it really wasn't so. All that fabled Eldorado of the "long time ago." I believe in all the pleasure that the old folks say they saw. In that legendary period that they knew "before the war." Compared with what you used to be, old land, it's true indeed. You're a frost-bit, sad Acadia and an Eden gone to seed. But despite the fact you are of much of ancient pomp bereft, You are just as dear as ever for the many good things left. For your flowers are just as fragrant, And your sunshine just as bright, And your roads are just as muddy and your labors just as light; And your women are as lovely and your men are just as shy. And your dogs are just as numerous and your taxes just as high; Your coat of arms is often as they ever used to come. And the sovereigns seem as anxious for to keep things on the hum. And they gather from the hillside and gather from the plain To meet there on the court green and mutually complain Of the wetness of the weather and the lightness of the oats. And how the West Street Shylocks have the farmers by their throats; And the here to beat advantage that their genius will show. For a-chewing of tobacco while their hair and whiskers grow.

Our patriotic citizen with Cincinnati's zeal Leaves his plow and yoke of oxen standing idle in the field. While he travels to the courthouse with accelerated pace To be useful as a juror in a misdemeanor case. To sit there on the jury with its tiered row of chairs And listen to the lawyers with their sophistry and gule. Seeks to prove that the Brother Johnson smote the head of Mr. Pyle. And the gleeful, spiteful citizen re-examines with us, too, And with much veneration he exalts his bawdy. But the people look upon him as essential to the show. They cheer their own tobacco and let other people go. I have been to see the circus and the minstrels and the theatre, but friends I do declare I've heard and funnier sights I've seen Than that old court green. 'Tis there, on rare occasions, that orators orate On matters appertaining to the welfare of the State. 'Tis here the genial, patient man of politics doth stand looking for him. And he'd hate to disappoint it, and that's why he is on hand.

Now court day is but one delight among a thousand more. But really, friends, I haven't time to name each pleasure o'er. For your picnics in the day-time, your dances in the night, Your church fairs and your festivals are all a rare delight. Ah, so many things come crowding from that golden retrospect That I hardly know, in telling of your charms, what to select. But I want you, fellow-citizens, to fully understand The thousand things that bind me to this God's most favored land. And to know why I feel honored, proud and happy, sir, to say, "I was born in Old King George, sir, Virginia, U. S. A." Bounded on the north by Stafford and the south by Westmoreland, And composed inside of mostly mud and pines and barren sand. But happy from the eastward, where the broad Potomac flows, To where the Rappahannock keeps And full of people sitting down and resting, satisfied. With the kind of satisfaction reassuring to their pride.

And whenever I remember, sir, the country of my birth I feel that I am just as good as any man on earth. And I proudly doff my hat, sir, and make a bow profound To the land that's standing still, sir, and the vulgar world goes round. THOMAS LOMAX HUNTER. King George, Va.

Views of the Virginia Editors

Judge C. A. Woods. Opinion seems to be unanimous that when Mr. Wilson named